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ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PENNY TOYS

CHURCH AND SCHOOL DECORATIONS.
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TO BUYERS OF GENUINE WINES.

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The Wines are the produce of farms situated in the most favoured localities, and are of high character in style and value; and their prices, from low to high, will advantageously compete with all others.

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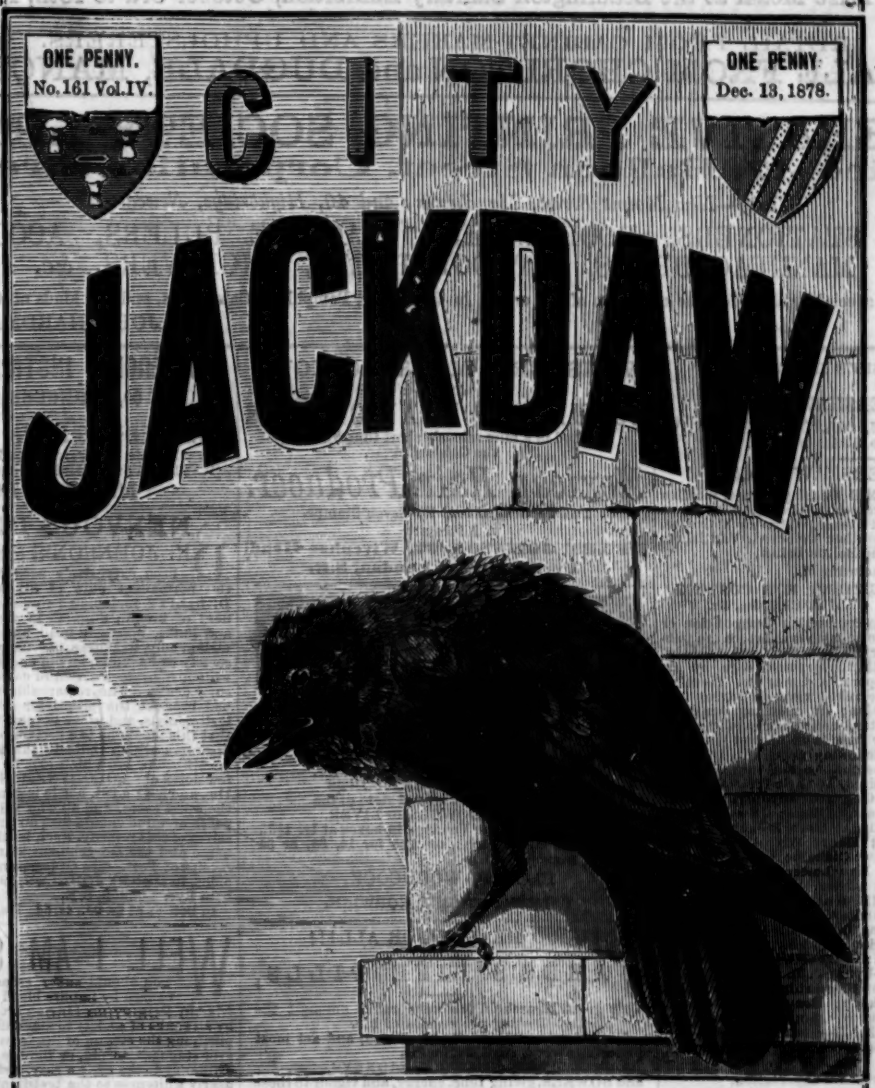

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And all Chemists and Perfumers.
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Organ, Piano, and Harmonium Manufacturers to the trade, Higher Ardwick, Manchester. Works: 9, Chancery Lane.
Reeds, Bellows, Keys and Fittings supplied.
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Pianos Tuned, 2s. 6d.

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GREAT SALE OF BOOTS.
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For the following Few Weeks only.
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OYSTERS
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For a Shilling,
At the Depôt of
LA SOCIEDAD ANDALUZA,
DUCIE BUILDINGS
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A SHILLING
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Gold Guards, Albert, Rings, Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, &c. Silver and Electro-Silver.
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Spectacles carefully Adapted to all Defects of Vision. Artificial Eyes carefully Fitted.

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Gained the Certificate of Merit (the Highest Award)

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Our steam-prepared Non-conducting Composition or Cement, which has been so many years before the public, and is unequalled for its glutinous and adhesive qualities, is prepared with the greatest care by experienced practical and operative Chemists. Its effectiveness can at all times be relied upon in saving fuel and preventing condensation; its enduring qualities, with ordinary care, will extend over a period of 20 years. We respectfully invite our friends to inspect the work recently finished for the following firms, viz., Industry Spinning Co. Limited, Lonsight, Royton, near Oldham; Chamber Colliery Co. Limited, at their Pits, Chamber, Denton Lane, Stockfield, Oak, and Woodpark; A. & A. Crompton & Co., Shaw, near Oldham; Joseph Clegg, High Crompton, near Oldham; Hoyle & Jackson, Cannon Street Mill, Oldham; Henry Whitaker & Sons, Hall Street Mill, Royton, near Oldham; Ashworth, Hadwen, & Co., Fairfield, near Manchester; Joseph Byrom & Sons, Albion Mills, Droylsden, near Manchester; Millbrook Spinning Co., Millbrook, near Stalybridge; Staley Mill Spinning Co. Limited, Millbrook, near Stalybridge; Crompton Spinning Co. Limited, Shaw, near Oldham; Thos. Rhodes & Son, Hadfield; Thos. Rhodes, Mersey Mill, near Hadfield; Oldham Whittaker & Sons, Hurst, near Ashton-under-Lyne; J. L. Kennedy & Co., Hartshead Printworks, near Stalybridge; G. Broadfield & Co., Park Mills, Middleton; Boarshaw Dying Co. Limited, Middleton; Rochdale Co-operative Manufacturing Co. Limited; Mitchel Hey Mills, Rochdale; S. Lindley & Co., Bowker Bank Printworks, Crumpsall, near Manchester.

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Being a simple mechanical method of constructing a wreath from the plan and elevation of the stairs, without the tedious mathematical process hitherto used.

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Full Particulars sent for Seven Stamps.

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WIND PILLS

GOOD for the cure of WIND ON THE STOMACH.
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GOOD for the cure of LIVER COMPLAINT.
GOOD for the cure of ALL COMPLAINTS arising from a disordered state of the STOMACH, BOWELS, or LIVER.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, in boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each; or free for 14, 33, or 54 stamps, from

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JAMES'S LIFE PILLS,

This great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessaries of life.

These famous Pills purify the Blood, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly, on the

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and BOWELS, giving tone, energy, and vigour to these great Main Springs of Life. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE, are unsurpassed.

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Remove Freckles and Pimples, and are unequalled for Beautifying and Refreshing the Skin. They never fail to restore youthful colour and impart new life.

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This Edition contains the whole of the Poems and Songs written by Mr. Waugh, and is elegantly printed on fine paper at the Chiswick Press, London.

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Upwards of Three Hundred Thousand Cases were sold last year.

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The Patent Glass Veneer Company Limited.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES' ACTS, 1862, 1867, & 1877.

CAPITAL, £25,000, in 5,000 Shares of £5 each, payable £2 on Application and £3 on Allotment.

DIRECTORS.

Sir FRANCIS CHARLES KNOWLES, Bart., M.A., F.R.S., Mayfield, Ryde, Isle of Wight.
Sir HENRY VALENTINE GOOLD, Bart., West Croydon, Surrey.
The Hon. JAMES TOBIN, 14, Alexander Square, South Kensington.
HUNTER STEPHENSON, Esq., 3, Newman's Court, Cornhill, London.
JAMES BUDD, Esq., 51, Wentworth Road, London.

SOLICITOR—JAMES EMMETT ROBSON, No. 7, Chapel Walks, Manchester.

BANKERS—THE UNION BANK OF MANCHESTER LIMITED. (London Agents—Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co.)

REGISTERED OFFICE—3, NEWMAN'S COURT, CORNHILL, LONDON.

PROSPECTUS.

The principal objects for which this Company has been established are:—

(*a*) To adopt and carry into effect a contract bearing date the 21st day of September, 1878, and made between James Budd of the one part, and Henry Norton as trustee for and on behalf of the Company of the other part, for the purchase for the sum of £20,000 of the Letters Patent under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, granted to the said James Budd, for an invention of "Improved methods of decorating glass to be used as a substitute for veneers."

(*b*) To manufacture make and sell the said decorated glass, and also panels, furniture, mouldings, and other articles of every description, into the composition or construction of which the said decorated glass shall enter either wholly or in part.

The above-mentioned contract is the only one entered into by the Company or the Promoters, Directors, or Trustees thereof, before the issue of this Prospectus, and together with the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and samples of the Glass Veneer can be seen and prospectuses, forms of application, and all further information obtained at the offices of the Company's Solicitor,

In the manufacture of high-class furniture, inlaid work and internal decorations, the most important element of cost consists in veneering ornamental woods upon common wood surfaces, and polishing such veneers. The expense of making, fixing, and polishing good veneers is so serious that numerous imitations and substitutes have from time to time been introduced, but without satisfactory results. One great objection to wood veneers is that each successive cleaning removes a certain amount of polish, and consequently repolishing is periodically rendered necessary. Moreover, expensive furniture, whether veneered or solid, is daily deteriorated by ordinary use, and frequently damaged by careless handling.

Mr. Budd's invention consists in the production of glass plates or panels covered on one side with an imitation of costly wood, inlaid work, or ornamental designs, while the uncovered side represents the polish. The glass veneer possesses the following advantages. A perfect imitation of any wood can be produced at less than half the cost of wafer veneers. It is more durable and more beautiful than polished wood. It retains an everlasting freshness and diffuses a brilliant light. It is not affected by extremes of heat, cold, or damp, gases, chemical, or other vapours or acids. It is suitable both for interior and exterior decorations, and for the ornamentation of furniture of every description, especially wainscots, cornices, sideboards, desks, counters, office fittings, doors, staircases, hall stands, dining-room tables, and in fact every article which now requires the use of costly woods. It can be used wherever any other veneer can be placed. It can be cleaned as frequently as desired without any injury, and cannot be damaged by ordinary use. For sanitary purposes it is unexcelled. For decorating the doors, walls, floors, and ceilings of carriages, cabins, saloons, houses, hotels, banks, churches, and public and private buildings of all kinds, it is unequalled. It can be cleaned with water in the same manner as a window, and hence rooms and carriages covered with it can always be preserved perfectly free from damp and in a healthier state than those decorated with wood, paint, or paper. For inlaid work it so far surpasses ordinary veneers that no comparison can be drawn favourable to the old process, and designs may be produced which are quite impossible under the old system. It takes the place of and is in many respects superior to, fresco painting. Frescoes are always liable to crack, to be damaged by cleaning, or by damp or heat, and cannot be removed after having once been placed on a wall or ceiling. The Glass Veneer panels are fully equal in appearance to frescoes, they cannot be injured in any way, being practically indestructible, and they can be removed and used elsewhere. Few things are more provoking than a cracked ceiling, especially where a great outlay has been incurred in decorating it, and yet an uncracked ceiling is to-day a rarity. A ceiling covered with Glass Veneer cannot be cracked, it is superior in appearance to a painted ceiling, and moreover cannot be injured by the vapours or fumes from candles, lamps, or gas. Added to all this the panels can be removed without injury. The Glass Veneer cannot be stained by ink or other fluids, or by finger marks, or otherwise. For chess tables, signs, inlaid lettering, and marqueterie work the Glass Veneer is especially adapted. It can be used in the place of marble slabs in the construction of furniture, and while far cheaper than, and not so liable to breakage as, marble, is much superior to it in ornamentation.

The Glass Veneer is strongly recommended on account of its beauty, durability, cheapness, and cleanliness. It has an infinity of uses, it saves both time and labour, it never looks worn or second-hand, its lustre is lasting, and being practically indestructible, is the only veneer suitable for exterior decoration.

The cost of production of the Glass Veneer is considerably less than one-half the price of the commonest wood veneer. The necessary plant and machinery are comparatively trifling, and unskilled labour is principally employed. Extensive and remunerative orders are daily offered, and the manufacture and sale of the Glass Veneer can be commenced and proceeded with on a large scale immediately the capital of the company has been subscribed.

The directors point to the foregoing important facts, and have no hesitation in saying that a more genuine or more remunerative investment is seldom met with, and they look forward with the utmost confidence to a very large annual dividend upon the paid-up share capital of the Company.

The Glass Veneer has been largely used in the United States and in Canada for some years, and has given the most complete satisfaction. The Superintendent of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company; The President of the United States Master Carbuilders' Association, and many other gentlemen have written to Mr. Budd in the highest terms of praise of his invention, and numerous American and Canadian newspapers have noticed it most favourably.

The purchase money to be paid for the invention and Letters Patent is £20,000, payable half in cash and half in fully paid-up shares of the Company. £5,000, being the balance of the paid-up capital of the Company, is required for working expenses.

It should be stated that Mr. Budd has spent upwards of £16,000 and many years of his life in performing numerous costly experiments and so bringing his invention to its present high degree of perfection.

It is proposed to acquire in London, Manchester, Liverpool, and other large towns, premises suitable for the manufacture and sale of the Glass Veneer, and to keep in stock panels and made-up furniture of all kinds.

The Company has taken power to issue share warrants payable to bearer, which can be transferred without any deed, notice, or registration whatever.

A Form of Application for Shares is annexed. Should the shares applied for not be allotted, the deposit of £2 per share payable on application will be returned in full. Should a smaller number of shares be allotted than the number applied for, the amount of deposit in excess will be applied towards the payment due to allotment, and the balance (if any) be returned.

THE PATENT GLASS VENEER COMPANY LIMITED.

The Companies Acts, 1862, 1867, and 1877.

CAPITAL £25,000, IN 5,000 SHARES OF £5 EACH.

Form of Application for Shares.

(To be retained by the Bankers.)

To the Directors of the above-named Company.

Gentlemen,—Having paid to the credit of the Company at your bankers the sum of £..... being £2 per share on my application for..... shares of £5 each in your Company, I request you to allot to me that or any less number of the said shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same and to pay the balance in respect thereof, and to be registered as a member of the Company on the terms of the Memorandum and Articles of Association thereof.

Name in full.....
Occupation .....
Postal Address.....
Date .....
Signature .....

THE PATENT GLASS VENEER COMPANY LIMITED.

Banker's Receipt.

(To be signed and returned to the Applicant.)

Received this.....day of.....187..from Mr.....the sum of £..... in respect of an application for.....shares in the above Company.

£.....

N.B.—This may be forwarded entire to any Branch of the Union Bank of Manchester Limited; or to Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co. The Banker's Receipt will be returned to the Applicant, and must be preserved in order to be exchanged in due time for share certificates.

WEDDING CAKES Forwarded to any Address. TEA, COFFEE, LUNCHEON, and DINNER ROOMS; Wine, Ale, Stout, Chops, Steaks, and Sandwiches. Breakfasts, Suppers, Silver Salvers, Stands, and Epergnes supplied.
I. MAYER, 105, OLDHAM STREET. N.B.—Bow Window.

THE L. P. P. THE L. P. P.

IT is scarcely needful to say that this refers to the (now celebrated) Leicester Pork Pies (registered). Perhaps no advertisements of late have come more directly under public notice than those pertaining to the above. Inquiries have poured in from all parts of the British Islands, followed by orders for these goods; the consequence is a continually increasing demand for the L. P. P. The makers have taken care to back up their notices by an article that cannot be surpassed for quality, at the same time recommending the retailers to supply the public at very reasonable prices. Messrs. V., C., and D. have found it necessary to remove to much larger premises. They have just commenced making at the new works, Sussex Street, where they have every facility for doing a most extensive trade, aided by the best machinery for the various purposes required.

The LEICESTER PORK PIES (registered) are sold by grocers and provision purveyors in all directions, and can very soon be obtained in the remotest districts if inquired for. The LEICESTER SAUSAGES (registered) of the same makers, Messrs. VICCARS, COLLYER, & DUNMORE, 24, Silver Street, Leicester.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

Wholesale London, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Foreign
FANCY GOODS WAREHOUSEMEN,
JOHN BOYD & CO.,
Have REMOVED from 17 & 19, Thomas Street, to New and More Extensive Premises, situated
MASON STREET, SWAN STREET,
WHERE AN EARLY VISIT IS SOLICITED.

D. JUGLA,
COURT GLOVER,
51, DEANSGATE (BARTON ARCADE),
MANCHESTER,
IS NOW SHOWING THE LATEST
PARIS NOVELTIES IN LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S TIES, SCARFS, &c.
A Large Assortment of his Renowned
PARIS KID GLOVES.
Great Success of the Patent
GAUNTLETS AND DUCHESSE GLOVES.
FANS—A SPECIALTY.
AGENT FOR ED. PINAUD, PARIS SELECTED PERFUMERY.
D. JUGLA'S
BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS:
PARIS, LONDON, LIVERPOOL, NEW YORK, AND PHILADELPHIA.
Glove Manufactory—2, Rue Favart, Paris.
Card of Samples of Colours and Price List of Gloves sent post free on application.

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Have the Largest Assortment of
DINING AND DRAWING ROOM CLOCKS AND BRONZES
Suitable for Presentation.
Every Description of Jewellery 15 & 18 carat Government Stamp.
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Chains and Alberts. Cutlery and Electro-plate, from the very best makers.
HIGH STREET AND THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

BROOK'S DANDELION COFFEE
CONTAINS three times the strength of ordinary Coffee, and is strongly recommended by the most eminent of the medical faculty as an agreeable, palatable, and medicinal beverage. See report of Dr. Hassall, M.D., author of "Food and its Adulterations," &c.; also, Otto Hehner, F.C.S., nalyst. Sold by most respectable Grocers and Chemists, in 6d., 1s., and 1s. 9d. Tins. Wholesale in Manchester from W. Mather; and the Manufacturers; and Goodhall, ackhouse, and Co., Leeds.

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GOODALL'S WORLD-RENOWNED HOUSEHOLD SPECIALITIES.
A SINGLE TRIAL SOLICITED.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.

The cheapest because the best, and indispensable to every household, and an inestimable boon to housewives. Makes delicious Puddings without eggs, Pastry without butter, and beautiful light bread without yeast.
Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, etc., in 1d. Packets; 6d., 1s. 2d., and 5s. Tins.
PREPARED BY
GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS.

THE CELEBRATED YORKSHIRE RELISH.

This cheap and excellent Sauce makes the plainest viands palatable, and the daintiest dishes more delicious. To Chops, Steaks, Fish, etc., it is incomparable.
Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, etc., in Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.
PREPARED BY
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GOODALL'S QUININE WINE.

The best and cheapest, and most agreeable Tonic yet introduced. The best remedy known for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, etc., etc. Restores delicate invalids to strength and vigour.
Sold by Chemists, Grocers, etc., at 1s., 1s. 1½d., 2s., and 2s. 3d. each Bottle.
PREPARED BY
GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS.

GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER.
For making delicious Custards without eggs, in less time and at half the price. Unequalled for the purposes intended. Will give the utmost satisfaction if the instructions given are implicitly followed. The proprietors entertain the greatest confidence in the article, and can recommend it to housekeepers generally, as a useful agent in the preparation of a good Custard. Give it a trial. Sold in Boxes, 6d. and 1s. each, by Grocers, Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, etc.
PREPARED BY GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., WHITE HORSE STREET LEEDS.

JOHN ASHWORTH & CO.,
Wholesale Jewellers, Clock and Watch Manufacturers, and Importers.
New Premises Corner of High Street, and Thomas Street, Shudehill, Manchester.
Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, &c.; Gold and Silver Watches, 9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

JAPANESE CURTAINS.—L. SMITH & CO. have just Purchased a Large Lot of these Articles at very Low Prices, and are now Offering them at 2/3, 3/3, 4/-, 6/-, 7/-, 8/-, 2/-, 14/-, & 30/- per pair.—6, John Dalton Street, Manchester.

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A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 161. MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1878. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A DEAD SELL.

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

WE were, all of us, nothing less than mad after her. If she played Juliet each one of us glared in a savage way at Romeo, when that youth had the audacity to take her divine form in his embrace. When she came on in the *entr'acte* to execute a Spanish dance, each graceful bound she made was met by a corresponding leap of our susceptible hearts, and when, bowing and smiling in response to the applause of the audience, she cast a tender glance in our direction, every man Jack of us felt that he could have rushed unarmed into the "imminent deadly breach," swearing to conquer or to die. But more than all, when she left the theatre, dressed in the most charming of eelskins, and looking altogether distractingly lovely, I believe that if she had so ordered us we would for her sake have gone home and massacred our own revered parents. How we envied her youthful brother—aged between twelve and fourteen—who came every night to fetch her from the theatre, and what lavish bribes did we give him to convey surreptitious notes to his beloved sister. That urchin has had as much as fifteen pence spent upon him in one night, as an inducement to convey the love epistles which each of us put into his hand, when we thought the others were not looking. One night, indeed, about the time of full moon, when we all appeared to be particularly insane, the boy was so stuffed with oranges, nuts, cakes, gingerbeer, and sundry other unwholesome comestibles, which were intended to impress upon him the extraordinary value of the love-letters then confided to him, that he fell quite sick. The next night he couldn't come, but a big, gruff-looking man, whom we at once judged to be her father, came instead. We dared not ask *him* to take charge of messages for the divine Sarah, and therefore determined, in order to prevent his returning, to stuff the boy more judiciously in future.

Let me here explain that when I say "we," I mean Jack Barber, the grocer's son; Tom Jones, who was apprenticed to a tailor; Timothy Snooks, who played the flute, and lived with his mother; and myself. Why, it may here be asked, should we, who were rivals, thus keep together; and why did not each go about the business on his own hook? Well, first, because we were so terribly jealous one of the other that we had voluntarily agreed to pursue one object together, to make sure that none should gain any advantage over the rest; and, secondly, because our limited means rendered such an expensive pursuit as love-making a failure unless we entered into partnership over it. We had agreed, however, that he who was so fortunate as to capture the divine Sarah, should reimburse the rest the whole of the money expended by them in bringing about this end, on pain of falling a victim to the deadly vengeance of his defrauded co-partners. And this bond was entered into with all the solemnity befitting so momentous a vow. Each of us signed his name to the deed in blood: not, I must say, the red liquor which ran in our own veins. That was at first proposed, but Timothy Snooks, just as we were about to stab ourselves with darning needles, thoughtfully observed that there was really no occasion for inflicting such bodily injury, since the blood of a rabbit, which was then hanging in his mother's cellar preparatory to being cooked for to-morrow's dinner, would do just as well. To which sensible proposition we assented; and, when Timothy had fetched a few drops of the necessary writing fluid from the rabbit's carcase, we all signed the dread vow, and, each too full for utterance, stalked moodily away.

This may appear romantic, but we were young then, and felt that we had souls which were fitted to soar and not meant to grovel. Indeed, I don't believe that any other four fellows living together in this world ever had half the quantity of soul which we divided amongst us. My father, who, as is well known, was a barber in the town of Seville, had apprenticed me to the same profession, but my soul scorned the base employment, and therefore, my body did not get rich. Still, I was happy in my other occupation, which was that of writing verses apostrophising Pysche, until the divine Sarah drew a red herring across the Pyschi-cal trail.

So things had been in this state for six weeks. Not one of us had been able to interchange a word with the object of our adoration. And in a week the theatre would be closed for the season, and Sarah would go elsewhere; to be captured by others, perhaps to sell herself for that gold which was so conspicuously absent from our pockets. The thought was madness. Yet she made no reply to the notes which we sent by her juvenile brother, and some of us even began to doubt whether the tender glances she cast at our corner of the pit were, after all, intended for us.

At last, when the day which closed the dramatic season had nearly arrived, it occurred to me in my desperation that we had been too prosaic in our lovemaking—not romantic or dashing enough. Sending tender epistles was not sufficient; we must do more; we must positively serenade our lady-love.

So we sent a note asking whether the divine Sarah would object to a musical performance in her honour on the succeeding evening. This time Sarah did condescend to reply in a note so brief, and yet, oh yet, indicating so much soul, so much appreciation of the attention we meditated, and accepting it so gracefully, that we were all in ecstasies. For my own part I felt particularly cheerful, not doubting that when Sarah understood that my brilliant imagination had devised the scheme she would fall a willing captive into my arms.

But the execution of our plan presented a difficulty which none of us had thought of. Neither of us could play or sing on any instrument whatever, except Snooks, whose performances on the flute were too dismal to be described. It would, therefore, be necessary to depend upon hireling musicians, in default of the ability to pour the wonderful melodies which we heard in our own souls. Then, again, hireling musicians are mercenary. They require to be paid. So we made a great effort. When we met the next morning we were ruined men for the next three months, through mortgaging our salaries. But, casting such grovelling thoughts to the wind, we engaged five members of the United Sons of Orpheus Musical Society, for the sum of fifteen shillings—seven-and-six paid in advance—to assist us in besieging the fortress of Sarah's heart.

On the last evening of Sarah's stay in the town, we all assembled at a place agreed upon, and awaited our musicians. They came up in a few minutes, three of them slightly inebriated, and the other two unequivocally drunk. We did not, however, attach any importance to this, for even our limited experience taught us that most musicians play a great deal better drunk than sober, which they certainly do. When my father, Figaro, in his old age used to get three sheets in the wind, it was universally admitted that he played the guitar like an angel.

We set out for the residence of the divine Sarah—Rose Cottage, Withington Road, as she had indicated in her precious note. It might have occurred to us that it was somewhat unusual for an actress to live so far away, and in such a place, but we were too excited to think of such trifles.

We had no difficulty in finding Rose Cottage. Oh what a charming little place it was! standing in its own grounds of about an acre, with a dear little garden full of sentimental flowers—sweet Williams, forget-me-nots, and so on. I fell at once to considering what I would do when I was master of the place and Sarah its mistress; for, of course, her father, to whom it must belong, would be sure to make it over to us.

Our musicians were rather refractory at first. They wanted to play good loud tunes like "See the conquering hero," and the Dead March from "Samson," but after a bit they came round and played what we wanted, that is, soft and melancholy melodies, expressive of our heartbroken and despairing condition, such as "Waft my sighs, oh, summer breezes!"

BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES (Manufactory, Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and th only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

"Meet me in the lane," "Love in her eyes," &c. One miscreant with a trombone, learning that our inamorata's name was Sarah, wished to play "Sally in our alley." The stern look in our faces as we felt for our pocket knives deterred him.

We had been breathing forth our passion on the midnight air, through the medium of the five wind instruments, for a quarter of an hour or so, when a form appeared at the second-floor window.

"It is she!" we all exclaimed, in transports of happiness.

The form sat down in the window recess, in a listening attitude; and we could just see, in the very faint light, that a head—her head—was nodding encouragement to us.

Even the musicians were inspired by the poetry of the situation, and blew into their trombones and clarionets as tenderly as they could.

In another quarter of an hour the form moved;—it laid its hand upon the window!—it was going to open the window!—it was going to speak to us!!!

A dark thought came across my mind just then of sweeping away my companions, musicians and all, by mowing them down with my trusty sword, so that I might be left undisputed possessor of the divine Sarah. I did not carry out the idea, chiefly because I hadn't my trusty sword with me,—and, in fact, never had had a trusty sword.

Slowly the window opened;—the form appeared in full view,—and we each of us knelt down reverently while the owner of the form spoke. And this is what the form said:—

"Well, boys, I dunno what all this rumpus is about; but I'm much obleeged to ye, and if ye'll wait a minute, I'll come down and give ye a sup o' drink."

Horror!!!—This was not Sarah's voice.

"Pray, who are you, sir!" we asked sternly.

"Come, that's pretty rich. Why, I'm the head cook and bottle-washer of this place,—John Stubbs, gardener, is my name."

"And Sarah?" we inquired, faintly.

"Sarah? Well, I dunno of any Sarah hereabouts. Perhaps you mean Bet, our gal?"

I tore Sarah's note from under my clothes, where it was deposited for safety. Surely we had not mistaken the address. No, there it was, "Rose Cottage."

"Is this Rose Cottage?" we inquired of the low gardener, whose appearance had so dashed our hopes.

"Certainly; no other in the neighbourhood."

"Then damme, boys," I yelled, "we've been sold. It's a dead sell; a vile infernal sell."

And so it was. I had proof of that the next day on going to the railway station to catch a last glimpse of Sarah ere she departed.

She was there, and so was the big man and the little boy whom we knew as her father and brother.

I might have spoken to her, but the malicious twinkle in her eyes when she saw me showed how useless it would be.

And as I passed, the big man said, "Here, Jim, go along with your mother and get a penny cake."

The boy went off to the buffet with Sarah. I saw it all at once. The big man was her husband, and the little boy her son.

The lesson was not lost upon us, particularly as it was still further enforced by the musicians, who, finding us unable to pay the seven-and-six balance of account which we owed them, waylaid us one night and gave us a good hammering.

My only regret now is that I did not kidnap Sarah's little boy and furtively destroy him. I can forgive a great deal, but to be sent serenading a mouldy old market-gardener is too much.

FLATTERING!

Scene: A café at Bayeux. *Persons:* Two Frenchmen (one a soldier) and general company.

First Frenchman to Soldier: Yes, Monsieur, permit me to say that you seem to have all the essential qualities of a good soldier.

Soldier: Really, M'sieu is excessively good to say so.

Nay, it's true. To begin with, you're tall, standing nearly six feet, I should say, eh?

M'sieu's keen eye has led him to guess pretty correctly.

Then, you're well made; fine figure; thoroughly martial bearing.

Ah! M'sieu is pleased to flatter. M'sieu is really too good.

And, lastly, you're as stupid as a Flanders mule. [*Collapse of Soldier.*

THE COMMON-SERJEANT ON THE LAND QUESTION.

1. With reference to the land system in this country he thought there was no doubt whatever that it did increase the supply of bread and meat.
2. The land in this country was in the hands of the large landed proprietors, who let it on reasonable terms to the farmers.
3. Suppose the land was in the hands, as in America very often, of land jobbers, did they think that the price of bread and meat would be cheaper than now? The land jobbers would screw down the farmers to the last penny, and the result would be an increase in the price of food.
4. It had certainly been clearly proved that farming in this country could only be carried on advantageously on a large scale, owing to the introduction of so large an amount of agricultural machinery.
5. If they were to break the land up into small holdings, the farmers would not be able to produce cattle and corn so cheaply as the large farmers now could.
6. He supposed that what Mr. Arnold was aiming at was a peasant proprietary in this country.
7. There was a peasant proprietary in France, and a very patriotic body they were. They veered round with every change of Government. They gave seven million votes to the Emperor Napoleon, and next day they gave an equal number of votes for the Republic. (Hear, hear, and laughter.)
8. How different were the landed proprietors in this country. He looked upon the landed gentry of England as a glory in the land. They had always been thoroughly loyal to the throne, and he looked upon them to a great extent as the backbone of the country," &c., &c.—Extract from speech of W. T. Charley, Esq., M.P., *Courier*, Dec. 4th, 1878.

NOW, one would expect from a lawyer, a politician, and a judge, sober and guarded statements upon a subject so delicate as the "Land Question." Dust like this thrown into the eyes of a portion of his constituents may blind them for a time, but it is dangerous to deal with a question in this manner by a speaker in Mr. Charley's position. For the more the question is turned over and the more is the conclusion being forced upon all thinking men that a change must be made, and that speedily, if the decay of the nation is to be arrested. It is worth while to look Mr. Charley's beliefs and statements clearly in the face, and to find by such an analysis how much dependence may be placed in the opinion of this representative of the people. To avoid repetition, we have numbered the paragraphs, and will take No. 1—

Now what are the facts?

Is Mr. Charley aware that at the present moment there is not a greater agricultural population, nor a greater production of produce, than there was from the land thirty years ago? We only feed 13,000,000 of our population, and have to import the remainder of their food; and whilst we are increasing in numbers, we are not increasing but (decreasing) agricultural produce in proportion to the increase of numbers.

2. It is quite true the land is held by large proprietors, and we are obliged to Mr. Charley for this admission, a truth which, when it was stated by Cobden and Bright, was howled and yelped at by all the Tory curs throughout the land. But now we have the word of the Common-Serjeant upon it, and he is a judge, and there can be no gainsaying it after his utterance. But the less said about reasonable rents the better. What does all this reduction of rents, from ten to twenty-five per cent, mean? If the former rents were reasonable the farmer should be able to lay by for bad seasons; but now, if there are floods or drought or anything out of the common, they must have a reduction of rent to keep them on their legs. And, notwithstanding this, the agricultural journals are pointing out that there never was a time when so many farms were to let, and farmers throughout the kingdom are demanding a reduction of rent to enable them to keep their place.

3. Cannot Mr. Charley, or some of his auditory, see that this paragraph completely answers itself? Suppose (and this is as wild a supposition as Mr. Charley's) all the land in America is in the hands of jobbers. Is it not very strange that we get from that over-jobbed land most of our cheap food, our cheap bacon, and a large and an increasing quantity of cheap beef and butter? It certainly would be a good thing for this country if the land could be got and farmed here as it is there; if the result would be to give us a larger agricultural population and cheaper beef, mutton, bacon, and corn, the jobbery in such a case would be pardoned.

4. What a bogey this sentence is. Look at it! Lord Derby says if

DEBT BUYING & COLLECTING.—Messrs. FERRAN NEPHEW, & CO., Manchester Chambers, [illegible] Market Street, Manchester, PURCHASE or (for a small commission on actual receipts only) COLLECT, personally defraying all law expenses found necessary. Detailed list sent, or invitation to call, will receive immediate attention.—CASH PAID ANY WEDNESDAY.

the land was properly cultivated it would produce twice as much as it does. But are we seriously to be told that the land is owned by the apparent owners? Mr. Charley knows that the dead hand holds a very large proportion of the land, and that the wills and settlements of dead men have only given the present possessors a life interest in the land, and in a very large number of cases the real owner is not yet born. Can it be expected that life tenants will spend capital they will not see returned? Not they! And they do not do it, and hence all that can be taken out of the land during the existence of the life tenant is taken out of it, so that in some way the life tenant may make provision for the younger children of the tenant for life. Neither can security be given to farmers to induce them to put capital into the land, and thus a race of exhaustion and poor farming is going on in the country, until so bad has this disease become, that out of the fifty million acres of land of the United Kingdom under cultivation, whilst in 1866 there were 21,174,787 *acres laid down in permanent pasture and not broken up in rotation*, there were, in 1877, 24,023,193 acres, and this evil is still increasing. And this takes no account of the large quantity remaining uncultivated, which would, under any land laws but ours, have been put to some valuable use long ago. And if the large landed proprietors do not do this, what is the cause? If Mr. Charley had been retained on the other side, he would, as an able lawyer, have been able to point to the legal course and the methods of dealing with the land as sufficient to account for the inability of the present large landed proprietors to do what is required, and to account for the permanent decline in British agriculture. He would, at the same time, have been able to point out that if security could be given for the capital employed, there is no trade or industry yielding so large a profit. Capital would have been found, and co-operation would have long ago solved the difficulty of the larger agricultural machine, and the increasing wealth of the cultivator the lesser.

5. Mr. Charley's assumption is utterly unwarrantable. Nobody, now-a-days, wants to break up "the land"—viz., "all the land"—into small holdings: but a good many of us want to see the land broken up into holdings of all sizes; and if it had not been held so tightly in the swadling bands of the law it would, by natural causes, have been done so long ago. And why should we not have small farms, where eggs and butter, and small herbs, would be the staple of the cultivator? Why should we import 750,000,000 eggs a year from the small cultivators of Belgium and France? And, surely, if it is a good thing for the subjects of Her Majesty, in the remains left to her of her ancient Duchy of Normandy, to cultivate in small farms such an amazing quantity of produce—that if all the land of the United Kingdom was to produce in the same ratio, we could supply, besides our own wants, the wants of pretty nearly all Europe besides;—why, if it is good for Guernsey and Jersey and Sark, should it not be a good thing for the Isle of Wight, and for Sussex, and Hampshire and Devonshire?—Ah! why? What a different tale it would tell in many an anxious Salford household, if the natural abundance and fertility of the earth were not stinted and destroyed by the land system so admired by their parliamentary representative?

7 and 8 might just be considered together. Mr. Charley's opposition to an alteration of the land system is not founded on justice or the wellbeing of the masses, but on political considerations. If there were tenant farmers who, having security of tenure, were independent of their landlords, land would not be worth having at any price. They might vote Tory one day and Whig the next. Nay, they might go the whole hog, and some morning they might even vote for a Republic in this country.

This is the moral of Mr. Charley's fable. But the present farmers are to be depended upon. They always vote for their benevolent landlords who let them the land at a ridiculously low price, and always refuse the rent if not quite convenient to the tenant to pay.

They never vote Whig or Radical. They know their friends—"Short is the only one"—and as for the landlords, there never was a time in the history of this country when a king was beheaded and a republic set up by the aid mostly of farmers' sons led by country squires. There never was a revolution, and never were there in this country any Jacobite risings chiefly led by landed gentry. Oh, dear, no!! or if there ever were any such odious things, the men who did them were shot and their land given to those who were anti-Jacobin, or their land was kept by the Crown, to whom it fell on their attainture.

All this is just bosh! The landholders are loyal because they think they are secured in their possessions through the Crown. And Mr. Charley and his landed friends are just shutting their eyes to the steady growth of public opinion upon the doctrine of personal rule and upon the evils of the present land system. No moderate man wants a renewal of the Stewart conflict regarding personal rule, and it is desirable in the interests of peace and orderly progress that the evils of the land system should be dealt with in a more effectual manner than by a Permissive Bill, out of whose provisions the Duchy of Lancaster is the first to contrast itself, and is followed therein by the great landholders of the country. The remedy must be found; for the present land system, in spite of Mr. Charley's admiration, is the producer of wholesale pauperism—is draining the land of its most stalwart sons—is producing and spreading a cancer in the body politic, which, if not arrested, will bring on with rapid strides a total dependence upon foreigners for our food, and the certainty of National decadence.

30 ÷ 20.

SEASONABLE.

[FROM AN AMERICAN PAPER.]

THE turkey is an emblem,
In a way, of bigger things.
We do not think of angels
When we measure up his wings.

But there's very much that's human
In the way the fellow fares;
And if you will but listen,
I'll tell you how he shares

The luck of taller bipeds,
Who gobble as they go,
And whose usefulness and trouble
Together come, you know.

'Tis not when he is walking
So grandly up and down,
As if he were a president,
Or thought he owned a town,

That we esteem him highest,
Or speak the loudest word
Of praise and commendation
For the proud and lordly bird;

But when they stop his gobble,
And pull his feathers out,
And fill him full of bitterness,
And clothe him round about

With fires of persecution
That melt his grandeur down,
And bring his fair complexion
To a shade of russet-brown.

Thus, when he cannot help himself,
But lifts a stumpy leg,
As if he gave the matter up,
And only cared to beg;

Then is it that his virtues
The brightest seem to shine;
'Tis then he stands the highest
In your regard and mine.

Then, full of admiration,
We stretch him on the plate,
And deem that any turkey
Might glory in his fate.

SAFE AS THE BANK!

TO be as safe as the Bank is not to be very safe now-a-days. Smash, smash, smash, goes Bank after Bank—now in Glasgow, then in Rochdale, next in Inverness, and afterwards in Bristol—unsettling and upsetting commerce and plunging hundreds in beggary and want. Man is losing faith in man; and those who are unfortunate enough to have more money than they want are once more becoming their own Bankers. Several cases have lately been under magisterial notice in Liverpool and the neighbourhood indicating this disposition to return to the old system of banking. In one instance a workman carried his savings (some hundreds of pounds) about with him in a handkerchief, and in another a woman carried the family fortune about her neck in a bag, but both systems proved unsafe. Altogether, the only happy man just now is the poor man—the man, at least, who has neither poverty nor riches but just enough to make both ends meet.

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FOR
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Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR NUMBERS.

THE "CITY JACKDAW,"

OF THE 20TH AND THE 27TH INSTANT,

Will contain several

ORIGINAL STORIES AND POEMS,

Suited to Christmas and the New Year.

The number next week will contain the following amongst other Special Contributions:—

"Poor People's Christmas." By Figaro Junior.
"Snowdrops and Snowflakes." By Leonard Bright.
"Gertrude of Basle." By J. B.
"Poets and the Fair Sex." By G. M.

Newsagents are requested to send in their orders as soon as convenient.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS. — Christmas day falling on Wednesday, we shall go to press with that week's issue on Saturday, the 21st instant. Advertisers should forward their announcements on Friday afternoon.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT November's gone, but the fogs aren't.

That we are as far forward as the ancient Egyptians, for we now know what sort of thing a darkness is which can be felt.

That a good many persons felt the darkness and the fog so much that they departed for a land where such things are believed to be unknown.

That nobody cares much about the result of a division in the House of Lords.

That their Lordships undoubtedly belong to the Jingoes.

That they always have done so.

That 201 of them went for war and only 65 of them for peace.

That half-a-dozen Bishops of the Church of England—the gorgeous representatives on earth of the gentle Jesus—voted in favour of the slaughter going on in Afghanistan.

That still some simple persons wonder why so many politicians seek to disestablish and disendow the Church.

That the *Daily Telegraph* is down upon the poor "Liberals and anti-Nationalists."

That all the sufferers from D. T. (we mean all the readers of the *Daily Telegraph*) are Jingoes, and, therefore, Nationalists and Patriots!

That we are sorry for England if her good name, her fair fame, and her greatness are to be preserved by them.

That the *Pall Mall Gazette* isn't satisfied with the Parliamentary debates.

That it speaks of them as "the palaver of the week."

That the *P. M. G.* describes the war as "a defensive enterprise undertaken by England to secure herself against Russia."

That the Prime Minister, however, says the war was undertaken for the purpose of securing a "scientific frontier."

That——Which are we to believe—the *P. M. G.* or the Premier, for both are equally powerful and truthful?

That "Promotion by Merit" has been pitching into Canon Bardsley again over the Taxal business.

That the Canon is bound to reply this time, for the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon and "Promotion by Merit" both charge him with telling an untruth.

That the rev. gentleman wishes he had never crossed swords with this "brilliant writer."

That the electric light was an immense success at De Jong's concert, in the Free Trade Hall, on Saturday night.

That it failed every now and then;—but what of that?—the hall was beautifully illuminated in the frequently recurring intervals with gentlemen's fusees and wax lights.

THERE ARE TORIES AND TORIES.

IT would be expecting too much to expect our friends the Jingoes to be influenced to any great extent by the remarkable speeches of Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon. Both statesmen stigmatise the Afghan War as unnecessary, unwise, and unjust. The Earl of Derby said he believed that if there had been any clear wish to avoid war, it might have been avoided. There was no doubt there was one thing to say: we might have had "peace with honour"—but in that there would not have been a chance of having what he believed was thought to be very desirable by many people, a rectification of the Indian frontier. He only hoped that rectification of the Indian frontier was not at the bottom of the whole transaction. It was an old saying that when once a Government adopted confiscation as a means of punishment, it was apt to adopt punishment as a means of confiscation. Lord Carnarvon, the late Conservative Colonial Secretary, was equally pronounced in the expression of his estimate of the situation. The policy of the last Afghan War, he said, was not a good one, and in his view the policy which brought about this was equally unsound. That policy in reality was, as stated by the Prime Minister, the rectification of our North-western frontier. He must say that this was a policy which, if persisted in, might lead us to any length, and he looked forward with shame to its development. Every good Tory swore by Derby and Carnarvon until lately. Have their Lordships lost all their wisdom and patriotism and all of a sudden become fools and traitors? The *City Jackdaw* pauses for a reply.

LIFE: OR TAKING IT EASY.

[BY A LAZY PHILOSOPHER.]

I WANDER about and am struck with amaze,
To see how perverted and odd are man's ways;
To see how life's joys are all frittered away,
By the old, by the young, by the grave, and the gay.
How life's made a burden that heavily weighs,
And darkens with sorrow and trouble our days,
And the reason I find, why life's such a tease,
Because there are few who are fond of their ease.

Instead of enjoying our life as it comes—
By increasing its joys, and despising its glums—
We deepen its shadow, and darken its shade,
By ills and by troubles too easily made.
We fight and we struggle, we strive and contend,
Our energies waste on an unworthy end.
Oh life! men drink deep of thy dregs and thy lees,
Because they wont take things a bit more at their ease!

Pursue, then, not trouble; avoid all vain strife;
Away with the struggles that embitter this life;
Take joy as it comes; whether Providence send
Or shadow or light, 'tis the same in the end.
Contented and happy, philosophically wise,
We'll burn our life's taper with joy ere it dies.
Then death may o'ertake us whenever it please—
We are ready, we'll die, as we lived, at our ease!

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

CHARLIE KEITH AND MAYOR (*not Mrs.*) GRUNDY.

CHARLIE KEITH, the enterprising circus proprietor, and the ever-popular clown, is a thorough wag. He is too much, by himself, for the Mayor and Town Clerk of Manchester combined. What a nice dance he has led these two excellent, but somewhat dull, gentlemen during the last few days! Charlie received an important letter lately, and, with an eye to business, he published it. The document ran as follows:—

(Copy.)

Mount Broughton, Bury New Road.

Mr. Keith,—Sir,—On visiting your circus the other evening, I was much struck with the superior arrangements of everything, both as regards the comfort of your visitors and the superior, order of the entertainment, which will compare favourably with many other circuses, both in and out of London. I cannot conclude this letter without wishing you a continuation of your present prosperity, and, if the wish be not too premature, a happy new year.—I remain, yours truly,

C. S. GRUNDY, Mayor of Manchester.

P.S. You may make what use you please of this communication.

Who would not have done as Charlie did under the circumstances? The letter came through the Post in the usual way. Of course, it smacked very much of a hoax. But what of that? Charlie is naturally and professionally fond of fun. But Sir Joseph Heron appeared next on the scene, sending a ponderous epistle to the Dailies on the subject. Sir Joseph pointed out that the letter was "without date," and then added, in true lawyer-like style:—"As any careful reader of this communication might be disposed to suspect, I am desired by the Mayor to state that the letter thus advertised is an impudent forgery. The letter, with the envelope, is now in the Mayor's possession; and it is difficult to believe that even Mr. Keith can have been deceived as to its real character, inasmuch as a short time ago, in answer to his application, the Mayor had declined to allow one evening's performance at his circus to be advertised as under his patronage." This was too much for Charlie, so he let the Mayor and the Town Clerk have it straight from the shoulder. As to Mayor Grundy's forged letter and Sir Joseph Heron's genuine letter he says this:—"I am informed by those connected with me in the management of the circus that the Mayor was present at one of the performances held last week, and on Friday last I received the letter which I subsequently published in the newspapers. I am not personally acquainted with the Mayor's handwriting, but the letter in question had every appearance of being genuine, and several persons to whom I showed it, and who were well acquainted with the Mayor's handwriting, unhesitatingly pronounced the letter to be his. In accordance, therefore, with the postscript, which requested me to make what use I pleased of the communication, I published the letter in various newspapers, and had a number of placards and bills printed. Yesterday afternoon, Captain Palin, chief constable of Manchester, called upon me and mentioned the publication of the letter in question. I at once produced the letter and handed it to Captain Palin to read, but he, without looking at it, put it in his pocket, telling me that I must have known that the Mayor would not have written me such a letter, and he took it away, and it now appears that the letter is in the possession of the Mayor. I had certainly no reason to doubt the genuineness of the letter, although the Town Clerk suggests that I should have known that it was not genuine, and the fact of its being undated is, I suppose, mentioned as a reason. With regard to this, I may be allowed to point out that the letter of the Town Clerk himself is undated; and on this principle I ought also to doubt the genuineness of his letter to you." This is excellent, Charlie. Go on in this way, and not only the City Mayor and the City Clerk, but—which is of greater consequence—also the *City Jackdaw* will swear by you, and pronounce you to be an exceedingly clever fellow. It was really too bad for Mayor Grundy and Town Clerk Heron to call in Captain Palin to assist and complete a practical joke which has been the merriment of the whole city for a whole week.

JAW-BREAKERS.

READ these names loud: The Caughnawaga Indian Lacrosse Team is comprised of the following players: Jose Anewharatonknos, captain; Saro Honeratakenrat, Saksirie Sownuasa, Ennias Annentsiakare, Sanatis Kaintekeron, Tsio Honnentsictekla, Tier Tainkuarioi, Wishe Karathohorn, Tier Kniyoheroska, Wishe Tashennontie, Domnik Tekaroniancken, Atonwa Taronkowa, and Hentre Kahionhanoron, substitute.

STARVATION IN MANCHESTER AND SALFORD.

MEN, women, children—whole families—are perishing for want of food, not away out in India or China, but in Ancoats, Greengate, and almost every part of Manchester and Salford. The workhouses are full; so are the hospitals; 2,400 persons are receiving outdoor relief in Manchester; 2,858 persons are receiving outdoor relief in Salford; in the engineering trade alone eight hundred men are walking our streets in idleness; bricklayers, joiners, labourers, are unable to find work in thousands; the cotton trade is dull and dead; the iron trade scarcely exists; upwards of four thousand dwelling-houses are standing empty in Salford alone. It is a melancholy subject to refer to, especially in a journal like this; but we hope that the *City Jackdaw* will ever be ready to assist the suffering and the starving. Those who are perishing owe a deep debt of gratitude to the *Guardian* and the *Examiner* for having so ably and successfully pleaded their cause this week. But for the action of these papers many persons would have been ignorant of the fact that so much distress prevails in our midst, and the relief administered would have been inadequate. The tales of suffering which have been told already are enough to melt the hardest heart and break down the most selfish resolutions. Two gentlemen connected with Charter Street Ragged School visited a house in Factory Street, where, in an upper room, they found a widow and four children without food or fire, and with very scanty clothing. The mother and her eldest child, a girl aged thirteen, had tried to earn a living for the family by chopping and afterwards hawking chips; but, in consequence of the failing eyesight of the woman, her efforts were becoming less and less successful. In accordance with a rule established by the Board of Guardians, the woman was unable to obtain outdoor relief, the only alternative to starvation open to her being to enter the workhouse; and she and her family were slowly starving when their visitors arrived. In a lower room were a married couple with three young children, all of whom were actually pining for food, the father being out of work, and the whole weekly income of the family being eight shillings, which was given by the guardians. At a house in Crown Street, they found two children crying bitterly, and were informed by their mother that they had not tasted food that day, although it was then late at night. The poor woman burst into tears after giving this information, and it subsequently transpired that her husband, who had always been a steady and respectable young man, had formerly earned a living for himself, his wife, and four children by working as a porter with a donkey and cart, but he had been obliged, first to sell the donkey to pay the rent of his house, and then to sell the furniture, and even the clothes of the family, to obtain food. It is the same all over, at least wherever the poorer classes live. "The children," says the *Examiner*, "exhibit the most striking symptoms of the prevailing distress. 'You may see it,' we heard it remarked, 'in their wan features, daily lengthening.' Parents are heard saying in their despair, every night, that they wish they may not waken on the morrow. The small shopkeepers are being ground, as it were, between a pair of grindstones. On the one side they have bad trade; on the other there is the trust given to their poor customers, who have no prospect of settling the score. Many of these shopkeepers are in a very distressed state. A visit to the poorer parts of the town will go far to confirm a recent statement that 'famine has taken possession; that perhaps never before was there so much dire poverty, misery, and starvation; and that the sights in the poorer quarters—women and children with their pinched faces, and poor, thin rags—are enough to make one's heart bleed.'" Gentlemen of influence are run after from morning till night by crowds of men seeking work, and in the streets one is constantly being asked for alms by men, women and children who are evidently at death's door. What's to be done? The Manchester and Salford Provident Society, the Wood Street Mission, and other organisations, are working nobly to relieve the abounding distress. But more is needed, else the death-roll this winter will be something appalling. Cannot every place of worship become a centre of relief? If every congregation took the matter up and looked after its own neighbourhood, the whole ground would be covered at once and there would be no working expenses. According to the Thirty-nine Articles and the Westminster Confession of Faith, one of the main duties of the Church and the Christian is to befriend the poor. Here, at least, Churchman and Dissenter can work together. Will they do it? The world would be none the worse of seeing some proof, now and again, that modern Christianity consists in something more than professions, creeds, and talk.

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description. } WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

WHO'S TO LEAD?

THERE can be little doubt that we are almost in sight of next General Election. Of course, the Government will cling to office and the sweets of office as long as they possibly can. Lord Beaconsfield, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Lord John Manners are not the men to give up a good thing till they are absolutely compelled to give it up. Unless, then, they should meet with some adverse vote in Parliament or see their nominees going to the wall in the constituencies they may hold on to power during 1879 and 1880. But there are one or two considerations which lead us to believe that the Prime Minister will think it wiser to appeal to the country before long. He can scarcely question the fact that his influence and popularity are on the wane. Even many who were his own friends are beginning to see through him. A general election within the next few months might give him a new lease; a general election two years hence would almost certainly send him adrift. Moreover, he has been pretty successful in his manœuvring so far; and, in the event of his coming out of this Afghan trouble with flying colours, he might be expected to make a sudden appeal to the constituencies. Are the Liberals prepared? Under whose banner would they march to the booths? Would Hartington or Gladstone be their leader? The *City Jackdaw* is not astonished to find that the present Liberal leader in the House of Commons has been getting it pretty hot of late. The impression grows rapidly that the Marquis of Hartington lacks earnestness and stamina to lead a great party. He is too much of a nobleman and too little of a man to awaken the enthusiasm and command the confidence of men who believe in reform, justice, and progress. All the best Liberal papers in the country are down on him for his namby-pamby speech on the first night of the Session. What the *Birmingham Daily Post* says is this:—"While the members of the Government are thus indifferent, is there any better hope from the leaders of the Opposition? We must frankly say that we do not know. Last night, certainly, there was no very promising display of vigour. Lord Hartington and his colleagues on the front bench declined to raise an adverse debate on the Address, or to challenge the Ministerial policy by threatened interference with the voting of supplies. Mr. Gladstone, who could scarcely do otherwise, left the matter in the hands of his official leader. We hope and trust that the leaders of the Liberals will not be unmindful of their plain duty in this grave emergency; if they prove so, it will then be the duty of independent Liberals to vindicate the courage and to maintain the honour of the party." The *Manchester Examiner* is equally outspoken. It writes: "It is no secret that Lord Granville and Lord Hartington greatly disappointed a large, and certainly not the least earnest, section of their followers by not at once joining issue with the Government in the debate on the Address. There are times for smooth and civil nothings, and there are times for saying at once and in the most direct manner what you have in your mind and on your conscience to deliver. For our own part, we entirely sympathise with those who, believing that this Afghan War is at once a crime and a blunder, hold that Her Majesty should not be thanked, for what is styled in courtly language her gracious communication, without being at the same time informed that it was supremely distasteful to a large portion of her subjects." Even our dear friend the *Pall Mall Gazette* has taken to lecturing the Opposition Leaders for their want of go. "The very idea of training an Opposition," it says, "of picking out good questions on which to give battle, and then making as good a fight as circumstances and strength will allow, seems altogether to have died out. It is not the private opinion of a leader as to the chance of success that determines the temper in which the rank and file fight; it is the known readiness of a leader to leave nothing undone that will make that chance greater. When the leaders of Opposition are known to mean fighting, their followers are not tempted to become unruly. But when the leaders have no policy of their own, and are consequently only languid critics of the policy of the Government, it is too much to expect of the private soldiers that they will not occasionally step out of their ranks and show a little fight on their own account." The worst of all this is that it is only too true. We fear that the Marquis of Hartington is unfit to lead the Liberal Party. It would be suicidal to go to the country with him at our head. Someone more robust must occupy the place. Every Liberal admits that someone to be Mr. Gladstone. For our own part we should like the Tories to have the one cry of "Beaconsfield," and the Liberals to have the one cry of "Gladstone," at the approaching election.

CHEAP TEA.

"Decipimur specie recti."—*Horace.*

WHAT are we really coming to? The old story of the tradesman who sold his goods twenty-five per cent under cost price, and depended upon the extraordinary quantity sold for his profits seems to be not entirely a myth after all. We live in a most enterprising age of commercial adventure. Look at sundry grocers' shop windows, which are now very fast becoming common objects of attraction, especially to country visitors, which are half filled with teapots, china, vases, lustres, *papier-mache* teatrays, and ornaments of every class, which are to be given away to purchasers. Read the announcement—"One of these teapots given away with half-a-pound of tea!" It would appear at the first glance that some wealthy philanthropist had just discovered a new and attractive way of exercising his benevolent propensity, that you had only to walk into the shop, and the tea and teapot would be handed to you across the counter by the obliging shopman with a bow and a smile, no money would be at all expected in payment, at least the announcement in the shop window does not say anything about either payment or purchase, it simply records the fact that the teapot will be "given with half-a-pound of tea;" but alas! you find yourself mistaken! It is not a philanthropist but a tradesman with whom you have to deal—so much the worse for the tea! A warm-hearted and charitably-disposed Christian philanthropist, who has more money than he well knows what to do with, may hit upon the extraordinary whim of giving away tea and teapots to the poor, and the tea given under such circumstances may perchance be good and wholesome, but a tradesman who pretends to sell you New Season's Tea, under the most enticing Celestial names, at the price of a trifle over two shillings a pound, and presents the purchaser of half-a-pound of that delightful compound with a teapot which is honestly worth half the money he is paying, in any earthenware dealer's establishment, is not only robbing the said earthenware dealer of his lawful share in the profits of our national commerce, but he is also originating the gravest doubts of the wholesome nature of his boasted article, when he can dispense it at the price of about sixpence or sevenpence the half pound, and pay a most enormous shop rental in one of our principal thoroughfares, with the addenda of heavy rates and taxes, shopmen's wages, and keep himself and his domestic establishment out of the profits of the transaction. With half pounds of such *tea*, we should be in the same state of uncertainty as honest John Browdie was with the pigeon-pies at the Saracen's Head, when he wondered how many went to breakfast! Far be it from us to impugn the character of the article thus sold, but we are rather old-fashioned in our notions, and confess to a preference for tea at three shillings and sixpence a pound, without the added teapot, and we protest against alteration in the name of an article sold as a means of deceiving and entrapping the unwary purchaser. We like to see tea *called* tea, and chips *called* chips. A spade is a spade, and the nature of no article can be altered by its being honoured with a wrong name. Human nature is frail, and may be tempted into many silly actions by outward show, but human reason should at once see the utter impossibility of any tradesman living upon the profits of a business such as is carried on in many of our crowded streets, if the article sold under such conditions is wholesome and honest. But it is not in tea alone that the wonderful philanthropy of the British shopkeeper shows itself. We see shops on our route, the windows of which are decorated with a large bill announcing the sale of that odorous compound "thick twist," at precisely the price of the Government duty payable on tobacco. Where does the material come from, and the wages and profit thereon, if the hideous poison is what it pretends to be—tobacco? And yet there are thousands of our fellow-citizens, who masticate that horrible stuff, with an exquisite relish, and tell you that "thick twist" is the most honest tobacco you can possibly buy! It would not be surprising some day to find a tobacconist announcing that every purchaser of half-a-pound of "thick twist" would be presented with a meerschaum pipe. Again, we prefer buying another deadly compound under the name of "Irish whisky" to paying fifty per cent more money for the same article under the name of "pale brandy," and it would not surprise us to read in a vault-window that the purchaser of one pint of pale brandy would be presented with a cut-glass decanter. But here, if we are in the secret, we know that the gift is an inducement to the purchase of a bad and unwholesome article—then why, in the name of common sense, should we be asked to believe that it is not the same with tea, or that grocers, as tradesmen, are more immaculate than their

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fellows? We can take in a deal of fancy doctrines, we might swallow a modern miracle or two without difficulty, nay, we might, if sorely put to it, believe in the utility of Cyprus, or put faith in the honour and integrity of the Earl of Beaconsfield, but to ask us to believe in genuine tea at such a price, with a sixpenny teapot thrown in, is too much even for *our* swallow, but there is one thing we *will* believe, and that is that the teapot is the most genuine and unadulterated article of the two.

WURDS TO THE WISE.

[BY JOSHUA THORNLEY.]

LET every man blo his own trumpet if he's got won, and if he hasn't he mite as well hold his peese. Speech, says the filosofer, is silver, and the siluns is gold; but give me the man that nose when to talk and what to sa. Nobody need never be short of a subjeckt if he wants to speek; but unless the oratur kan illumenate the text, heed much better remane in the dark; and we kan do without a lanturn in the fog that only diskuvers the kandle. We don't want to see the poverty of the preechur, and a naked orakul is nothing at all even to the poor creecher that is cloth'd in rags. "O no," brakes in me sister Matilda, slitle impetchuous; "the blessed i was made for uther sites than these." "But," sed I, "thare must be sum won to state the kase, and all the profits kant negleckt thare bisness for the general intrust." "Just so," replide me sister; "publick spirit is skarse, and we don't meet a man with a mishun in the rode evry da." After this thare was a pause, and the intellekt of the konversashun seemed to retire; and whether it was the heet of the gas, or the warmth of the fire, Matilda appeer'd to go off in a dose. So I watch'd the buty of the sleeping fase, that smil'd for a moment to mirror the infant dreem, and then fround like a dredful pickchur of the devil. Me sister slumbered on, till I began to think I was lonely, and that sumthing wud have to be dun to wake her up. With that I sat down to the organ, and all the steem to giv me own konsepshun of the ded march, that restor'd me sister to konshusness immediately, and rather pekulear. "Ah, Joshua," she sed, when she kame to herself, "that's dredful." "Have you had an horrid dreem?" I ask'd. "No," she ansur'd, "the dreem was rite enuff, in fakt it was delishus;" and here she smak'd her lips. "Well," sed I, "let us no what was it all about." She kontinude, "I was just going to start for a sale on the silver lake of the poit in that bewitching bote with the ambur sale; thare was the plassid and pellusid water, the inevitabul swan, and all the glad omens krouding round the prow; when the god was badle broke with your delireum in the ded march." Thare was a sting in the tale of this observashun. "Well," I sed, "it's a kumfort, Matilda, that all the harmony didn't run into won mold to brake with the sleeping god." She laff'd at this, and I konkluded with a softund tone that "all memburs of the familee hadn't the same musikal eer." "You," sed I, "appeer to have got the organ rather intens, and I'm slitle defishunt." After me sister had made away with the kompliment, I remark'd that tho' the cirkumstans was paneful, I felt glad she had woke up, and that the happy nite must not take its deparchur without the usual message of her mind. But she didn't seem in the humer exactly, and I kud see that a mental earthquake wud be required. So I said, rite off, with the calm demeener of the kamel, "It's rather a pity that your an old made, Matilda. I shud have liked to see you a parson's wife, to lift up your voyce, and labor among the poor, &c., &c." Now, me frends, this was a bold stroke of mine, that shivurd the susseptebilete of me sister. "Joshua," she kride, very vehement, and waving her hand, "that will do; that will do; never menshun the parsons more. I'm not so sick of singul life as I am of the parsons." "Well," I observed, "what has the poor parsons dun to exsite the unseemle rage?" "Nothing, nothing," she ansurd, in a temper of hot haste, "and that is all the bulk of the brethren intend to do. O deer," she went on, "that little bit of starch in the white ti quite strangles the man, and we see him no more, like the ded." "But," I interposed, "all parsons is not the same." "No," she rejoined, "sum is slitely different, but the difference is so small, it dusn't matter." Here I asked her if the remarks had a general applikashun, or ware thay direkted speshul agenst any particlular klass of parson. "No;" she sed, "the cloth, whether of dissenter or deserter, has all been smote with the same stick, and the practis of the unforchunate divine is the konvenshunal and fashunable way of leeding an idle life." "But sum of them work very hard," I remarked. "Yes, Joshua, me bruther, no doubt thay do," she replide; "and for those that wurk thare is a good wage; but if you ware to wurk like sum of the parsons, thare wud be a fu more paupers in the parish, and I shud be won of the fu." "One, Matilda," I observ'd; "you kan oleways keep yourself, even if the times get wurs. But the questyun is, 'what is the model man for the parson?'" "No, no!" she exklamed, "leave the man out of the questyun, and ask me what sort of a person the model parson should be." "Yes, me luvley sister," I sed, "that is kleer and klever. You shall paint the pickter of the parson as it shud be, and I will smoke the Taddy to watch the artist. "Ah, Joshua," began me sister, very pashunt and pathettick, "we luv the parson, but he must be proper, and in the first place pre-eminent a child of God; if you will, Joshua, me bruther, a very little child, and the less the better. For then he nose sumthing of the kingdom that is to kum for too menny, and kan partle sho the way. Thare must be an unkonshus kombinashun of simplisite and sanktete; and such a forgetfulness of himself that the soul shall be saved alive; for the safety of the half-awakened soul never makes much musick either in heven or earth." "Go on," I sed, "star of the britest, to uphold the anshunt name." But Matilda's fase was all on flame, and she didn't heed me now. She proseeded, "Then the proper parson will oleways be in the wilderness, and he is never more than a voyce. We kannut think of God's messenger utherwise than as John the Baptist that went before, not in the spotten lawn of the Bishop's sleeve, but with the humbler garments of the sheep and the gote, and the servant is by no meens grater than his Lord that had no ware to lay His weery hed." "Yet," sed I, "the laberer is worthy of his hire." "Ah," she replide, "and the servant that wurks for the master will oleways be paid in a kurrent koin." "Now," I sed, "Matilda, I trust you wont wind up with a perorashun, for when you finish with that I feel that I shud like you to go on." She kontinude, "the nacheral konklusion is sure to follo like the kindle kurtan of nite. The sun may sink to rest very splendid, but thare shall be siluns, and the ebon nite." It okkurd to me that me sister was beginning to flag, and that the arguments ware, if anything, a shade flat; so I sed, "Kum to the klose, Matilda. You shall be the setting sun, and I will be the silunt nite to sho the chasm." "No," she went on, "thare will not be much setting of any sun to-nite, and the darkness shall kum very quick and troppick, for I kannut afford to dwell on a subjeckt that shud not be meet for proper skorn." "Then," sed I, "you shirk the diffekulte; you attack the parson in his pride; you half expose the place that is sore, and leeve the wound for the unruly i." "No, me bruther," konkluded Matilda, "this is a vane age, and the preest is only like the people, and neether of them, in the bulk, wud no the Saviour if he was to kum very sudden, and in the nite." "Well," sed I, "we will leeve the matter till to-morrow, and sleep on the subjeckt for sumthing that shall be seen."

FRENCH JOURNAL FOR ENGLAND.

WE have received the first number of a new paper called *La Semaine Française*, a French journal for English readers. The prospectus states that many people who desire to read French newspapers find difficulties in their way owing to the monotonous character of each journal, however ably written. Anyone who has had any experience of French newspapers can corroborate this statement. Compared with English journals, a French newspaper is very much in the backgronud, both as to its general appearance and especially in the item of news. We presume that there are political difficulties in the way of giving full reports of meetings, but even in the matter of news paragraphs there is no comparison between the two systems of journalism. A small column headed *Faits Divers* is all that is needed to satisfy the needs of French readers. We can only say that were an English newspaper to dole out such meagre information to its readers its proprietors would soon find themselves in the Bankruptcy Court.

The paper is exceedingly well got up, and printed on excellent paper. It contains articles from the chief French papers, besides original contributions on the chief topics of the day, and in reference to both English and continental politics. The number before us contains a lecture delivered by M. Frank, at the College of Nance, on "International Law and the Causes of War," which will well repay perusal. A review of M. Taines' work, "La Revolution," from the pen of M. Ed. Scherer, of *La Temps*, is also given, besides contributions by M. Jules Simon, one taken from *L' Independence Belge*, on M. Thiers' Government, being of high literary merit. If the journal maintains the promise contained in the first number, we can safely predict for it a successful future.

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CAWS OF THE WEEK.

MANLY thinking and vigorous writing do not always pay. Blowing hot and cold sometimes answers better. As is well known, the *Evening News* tries hard to please both political parties, or, rather, not to displease either. This was the interesting, if not highly ridiculous, style in which it wound up an article on Friday last:—"The Address in reply to the Queen's Speech was agreed to, and the business of Parliament will commence on Monday in reality. No very momentous issues are likely to be raised. The vote of credit will be granted, and the gallantry of our troops will be deservedly eulogised in both Houses. Then an adjournment will take place. During the festivities of Christmas-tide 'the Army in Afghanistan' will be a popular toast, and politicians of every shade, under the genial influences of the season, will agree to wish the Anglo-India forces every possible success." Just so!

AT a meeting at Newport the other day Mr. Howard, M.P., read the following verse, which he said had been composed *apropos* of the visit of the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Minister of War to Cyprus:—

The head of our army and chief of our fleet
Went on a visit to Cyprus and Crete,
The natives received them with ringing hurrahs,
The one they thought Neptune, the other one Mars.
So they set up an altar to Neptune forthwith,
And ran up a bookstall for W. H. Smith.

HERE is an important correction. In the "Notes by the Way" of the Rev. G. Collins, in a contemporary, "the *unfortunate* Sir K. Mackenzie" should have been "the *aforenamed* Sir K. Mackenzie."

A REVEREND D.D. in Glasgow surprised his audience one Sunday not very long ago, by intimating, at the close of the service, that in the course of the week he intended to visit the families of the congregation in certain streets which he named, adding that he would endeavour to *embrace* at the same time all the female servants within the district! Wicked old man!

EVERYBODY has been remarking on the small debating power shown by the Government in the House of Commons this week. How could it be otherwise when Mr. Stanhope and Lord John Manners were their principal orators, the one on Monday and the other on Tuesday night? Yet Tuesday's *Evening Mail* had the following:—"Much cannot be said of the quality of the debate last night in the House of Commons. Mr. Stanhope, on whom especially devolved the defence of the war in Afghanistan, shone conspicuously, but it was a light glimmering in prevalent dullness. It may easily be predicted that the machinations of the Opposition will fail if, in either House, a division is taken, and it may be asserted, if the adjourned debates of last night are to be taken as samples, that the pre-eminence in argument, as well as superiority of voting power, will rest with the Government." Bravo!

I DON'T want to be too hard on the *Evening News*. It's London correspondent, at least, says what he means. For example, take the following paragraph:—"It is no uncommon circumstance to find Lord Beaconsfield's opinions unsupported by facts, and it is unfortunate for the country that in matters of finance the noble lord is a very weak vessel. When put into a corner by his critics the other night for having refrained from referring in the Queen's Speech to the depression of trade, the noble lord explained that it would have been unusual to have made such a reference without the Government intended to apply a remedy; but, as a matter of fact, he considered that trade had seen its worst. Unfortunately, the facts continue to be against the noble lord, and the failure of another bank for three and a half millions is a rude contradiction of his sanguine anticipations. The common opinion is that Ministers refrained from referring to the prevalent distress because such a circumstance would have been a sad commentary on their policy of war and consequent expenditure."

AT a meeting of London cabmen the other day, some curious facts were stated. In London there are 13,900 cabmen, and among them there are men who have been lawyers, clergymen, and doctors, and there is one who has a right to the title of "lord." What custom he would get if he were known! It would be touching hats to him, and "Oblige me, my lord, by condescending, my lord, to take five shillings, my lord, instead of a shilling, my lord, whice is your lordship's legal fare." Only fancy—a lawyer driving instead of drawing a conveyance.

WE extract the following "engine-ous" bit:—"The Americans are now boasting of their big trains, one of which, on the Northern Central Railroad, is reported to have been 6,200 feet 3 inches long, or 1 mile and 300 yards. This train is "claimed" by the Americans as the longest ever drawn by a single engine."

How nice it is to be a mother! A Kansas woman has reached the age of one hundred and thirty years, and it is a pitiable sight to see her one-hundred-year-old son sit in the corner and wriggle, while he sobs, "Ma, kin I go out?"

THE Afghans do not believe that cleanliness is next to godliness. They have such an abhorrence of water that they never bring it in contact with their bodies. Being Mohammedans they are bound to certain ablutions by their faith, but they find substitutes which are allowed instead of the water. There is one tribe who are said to get three new garments only in their lifetime, the garment being in each case a blanket. The first is given at birth, the second when they are married, and the third when they die. Each blanket is understood to have been ceaselessly worn till events entitle the wearer to a new one. Altogether, these Afghans are an interesting people, and we should be proud of the prospect to have them as our fellow-subjects.

THEATRE ROYAL.—To the great disappointment of a large audience it was found necessary at the last moment to substitute *The Bohemian Girl* for the opera *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, with which Mr. Carl Rosa had promised to open his short season. In more senses than one this was unfortunate. Balfe's opera has been so persistently produced that by this time the public may reasonably demand something newer. However, as Mr. Rosa seems to reserve all his novelties for metropolitan audiences, we must be content with the lyrical fragments which fall from his table. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is announced for to-morrow (Saturday). The performances of the week do not call for special mention.

COOKE'S ROYAL CIRCUS.—For the present week, Messrs. Cooke have provided a most excellent programme. Combining this with the courtesy to which we have already called special attention, the elegant and commodious building, and the excellent orchestra, little if anything is wanted to fill up the measure of a two-hours' entertainment. Chief of clowns are Messrs. Van der Veld and Rozuet. Loudly applauded is Mr. Donald Melville in his backward somersault-act on a horse's bare back. Then there is the Japanese troupe in their varied entertainment; the dancing mare, "Dagmar," introduced by Mr. Alfred Cooke; a very daring leaping contest; and, to conclude, a pleasing absurdity entitled "Love in all Corners."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Believing that many doubts might be removed and much useful instruction communicated under this heading, we have, after careful consideration and momentous meditation, made up our minds to comply with the claims of our correspondents in this respect, and, by begging, borrowing, and stealing, to answer any and every question, whether it relates to things on the earth, things above the earth, or things beneath the earth. Here goes:—

"R. P."—No.
"S. R."—Yes.
"Leo."—Truly.
"Sam."—No doubt.
"B. A."—We think so.
"W. G."—We think not.
"Jane."—Very hard.
"Hope."—We cannot help you.
"Sold."—Consult a lawyer.
"B. B."—You had better advertise.
"N. A. G."—No; you must have a gun license to shoot birds.
"Lex."—It is a question for the judge of the Court to decide.
"E. S."—From London to St. Petersburg by sea is about 1,700 miles.
"T. S."—We do not answer questions on prize-fights.
"Columbus."—We cannot advise you. Apply to some house agent.
"Christian."—We have no knowledge of the gentleman's religious views.
"W. C."—Apply to the Registrar-General, Somerset House, Strand, London.
"F. R. L."—In bankruptcy or liquidation the landlord is entitled to prior payment.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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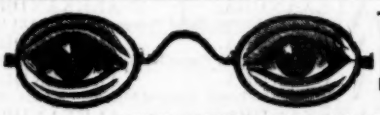

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